

# A House Is Not A Home

The Charlatans

The simple cost of loving you is a better picture  
There is not a sound coming from my voice  
You want to listen to the kids  
Banging on their halos soon to be divorced  
And you're a poor young factory boy  
Blowing on your trumpet with a home on the back of your horse

Oh, this is a separation  
I can't believe it is the end  
You know I don't want to talk about it  
Go tell it to your friend

I live and I breathe  
With feeling for anything I might have tried  
At a point where I can touch her  
Everyday I wonder what's going on in her heart  
I couldn't eat, sleep, find my feet  
I think I used a little too much force

Come see me, you can heal me  
Turn your head back to the moon  
You know you don't have to act so quiet  
This is a house, this is not a home

I can't do this anymore, I know it's pointless  
I could never be yours  
Play to your better nature  
We can talk about the old days  
I can't help it if you think I am odd  
Although our separation  
It is too easy, I believe it's your loss

Oh, simple cost of needing you  
Is a part into the cause  
On the street I can feel a sequel  
This is a divorce

[??]  
[??] sound coming from my voice  
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And you're a poor [??]  
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